

# MRS. WOODILL'S LIFE HELD SECOND MYSTERY

Veil Drawn Around Parentage and Early Years of  
Eastman's Victim Parallel to Strange Silence  
of the Broker.

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

and the thousand and one things that had come into his life since he had begun this harrowing game of hide-and-seek with the law. Then his eyes swept the swamps about him and he mused:

"So it has come to this, has it, Bob? And at fifty-five years of life? It does seem rather hard, doesn't it, old fellow, out here with no one to care for you and with nothing to do but think?"

"Yes, you deserved better things. Really, you never had a chance, and you haven't intentionally gone wrong. But somebody had to be the 'goat' when the failure came, and 'Lame Bob' is good natured, isn't he?"

"You see, I don't mind about the little \$1,000. She's rather persistent, that woman, but then I believe she could be brought around. I believe the boys would stand for it, but what if they shouldn't? You've never had to ask anybody for anything, have you, Bob, and it goes sorter against the grain now in your old age, eh, boy?"

Could Not Face

Reporters and Cameras.

"If it wasn't for those—houndsmen, I don't know what made me skip, but I can't stand all this publicity. The law's asking questions about my past, the reporters, the kodak fiends with their pecky cameras. You'd be all over the front page, Bob, and that would never do. You've kept the secret so far, why should I leak out now? Whose business is it anyway, who has a right to know from whence you came or where you are going? Me for the good old West, where all they ask a man is, 'Are you on the level, stranger?'"

"I guess it would wake them up a bit if they knew all about you, Bob? Yes, I guess it would. The world doesn't owe you anything. If you die tonight the books are balanced. You've crowded a hundred years into fifty-five, haven't you, boy, and get away with it?"

"Remember that girl you met in Paris on that little enforced sail across the pond? A dream, wasn't she, Bobby? Awful inquisitive though, and her disposition wasn't helped any by the fur glances you cast about you all the time. Even the dinky waiters with their soup-stained dress suits and arrogant airs seemed like detectives that night, eh?"

"And that day you cleaned up a cool \$5,000 on Union Pacific on the Broad street curb? Ah, those were the good old days with their nights at Rector's and the early morning 'joy rides'."

"Seems like a fellow can't settle down and be decent though he wants to. A little mislay on the market and everybody is there with the downward kick."

You don't hear 'For he's a jolly good fellow' sung to flattered ears. The gang goes on shouting out the market calls that make and unmake fortunes, signaling with their hands to the office above, tearing their yellow linen coats and tramping upon one another's feet.

"You can see them now, can't you, Bob, you a fugitive from justice, down here on this God forsaken Eastern Shore."

Was a Plunger  
And Loved the Game.

"I wish I were a plunger back in Denver again, or else back at the gold mine where nobody asked questions and every man was equal so long as one came clean. I was always a plunger. I guess it was born with me. It must have come from that old dad of mine, with his curious ways and his dare-devil spirit."

"And you'll plunk again, won't you, Bob, and make good. Make 'em come to time; make 'em let up on you, and then go back and show 'em that there's nothing yellow in 'Lame Bob' Eastman."

"Ouch! This blamed lame leg. It's always troubling me. That's the handicap to my being a fugitive. Who couldn't catch Eastman, 'Lame Bob' Eastman, with his hobble walk, his iron brace, and his weak knee. By gad, if I'd been a detective I would have caught Bob Eastman before now."

"It's tough, I tell you, tough, when Nature is against you. But I'll conquer them all—them. A man who's handled his hundreds of thousands isn't going under for a \$1,000 shortage and the forfeiture of a \$7,500 bond. The bond was excessive, anyway, five times the amount involved. They've got to let up on me, or else they can hunt me forever and wherever they may."

"I'll not stand this game of constant dread and fear. They'll give me a chance or I'll seek the other side and if they do catch me, well, Bob, you know you'll never serve a term in Sing Sing, not while this old piece of blue steel rings true."

Picture of Fugitive  
At His Hiding Place.

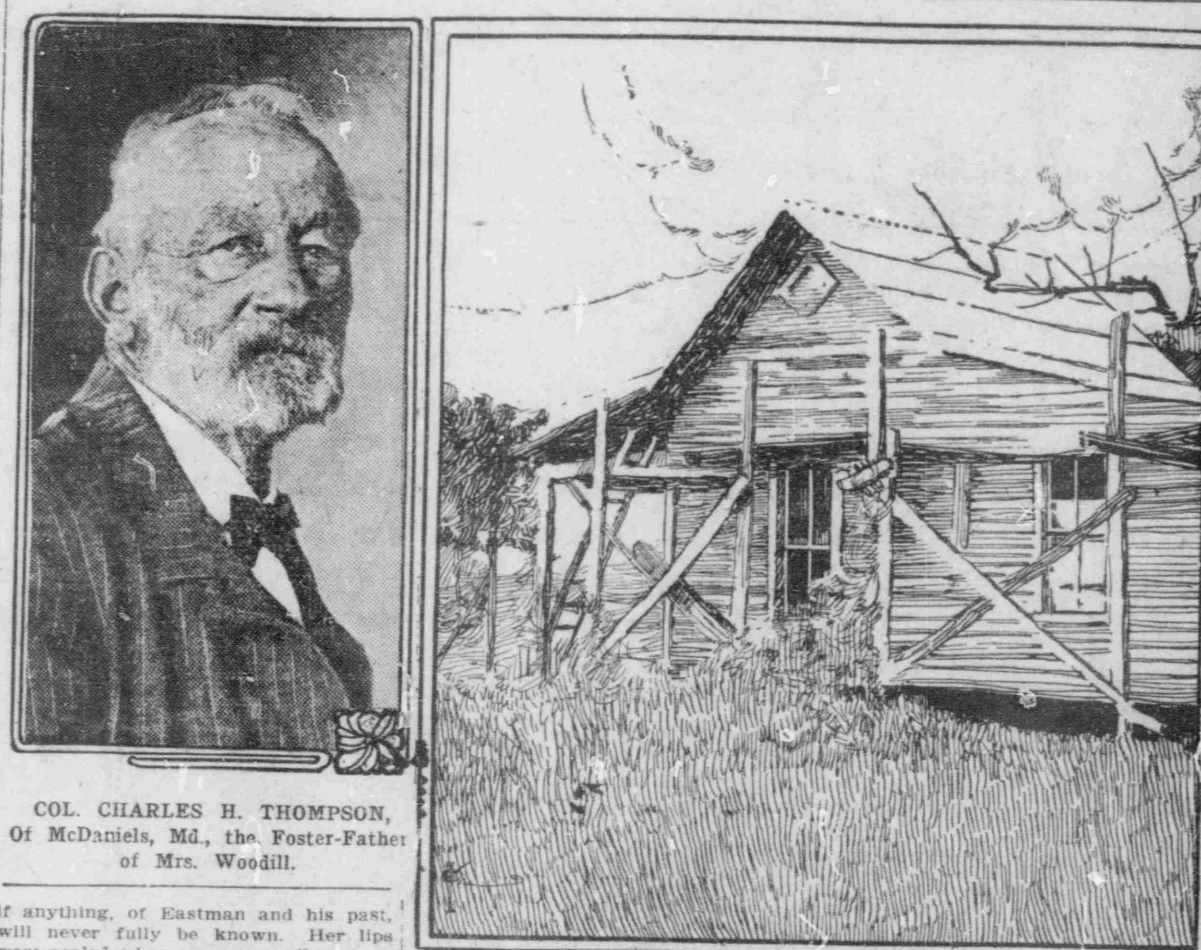
And Bob Eastman, fugitive still, patted his hammerless revolver, picked up his stool and moved inside the bungalow. He lighted a kerosene lamp, glanced at his serious face in a wall mirror, smiled doggedly, and was himself again. It was this same bungalow that Eastman, for some reason or other, lured Mrs. Edith May Thompson, Woodill two weeks ago. Why she went, what she did and said, what she knew,

COL. CHARLES H. THOMPSON,  
Of McDaniel, Md., the Foster-Father  
of Mrs. Woodill.

if anything, of Eastman and his past, will never fully be known. Her lips were sealed when some one, all appearances pointing to Eastman, dashed out her brains with a champagne bottle two nights after her arrival. Later, and every one is familiar with the story, her body was found floating in Broad creek, an old kettle filled with brick tied about her thrush-like neck. Eastman's story, too, will always remain untold, for the revolver he carried off his mission well when a posse of Marylanders came upon him in his boat.

Newspaper columns have teemed with the stories of this unfortunate girl's life. Little has been ascertained or said about Eastman, the man; hence he occupies the foreground in this analysis of this mysterious Eastman Shore tragedy. The contrast in the two central figures, however, makes the study a more fascinating one. She was a girl of obscure parentage. She knew little of hers; he would tell nothing of his. It is said that she was the daughter of Matthew and Zettalia Wirz. When she was a child her father was murdered near Couz Creek, Minn. A legal fight over the child, already famed for her beauty, resulted, prominent Minneapolis families endeavoring to get possession of her. In the end, and to close this part of the narrative briefly, she was turned over to Col. and Mrs. Charles H.

## Figures and Scene of Eastman Tragedy



EASTMAN'S BUNGALOW AT MCDANIELS, MD., WHERE MURDER OF  
MRS. WOODILL OCCURRED.

Thompson, the latter then being interested in charitable work.

Flight of Years  
Enhanced Beauty.

The flight of years added to her beauty. When Colonel and Mrs. Thompson moved to the Eastern Shore she became known among the villagers as the ward of Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury. He visited her often and, it is said, lavished money upon her. Former Governor Brown of Maryland became interested in the girl and assisted in her education. She was a guest of the McKinleys, so it is now said, and at the White House, as everywhere else, the story of her wonderful beauty was upon everybody's tongue. She was educated abroad, was feted, adored, admired by statesmen and diplomats. That she was a magnetic, amiable little creature, just the kind of woman who had become accustomed to adulation, could not be doubted after a ten minutes' conversation with any resident of Easton, Md., in which town she was looked up to as a little goddess. These people have refused to believe

any breath of scandal affecting the foster daughter of Colonel Thompson. Her summer visits there were looked forward to. She sang upon the local stage, her rare accomplishments charmed the village folks, her almost peerless beauty held old and young alike enthralled.

Eastman, it is claimed by some, had known the wife of Gilbert Woodill, the Los Angeles automobile manufacturer, only three weeks, their acquaintance beginning on the Eastern Shore, where the one was a fugitive and the other, with her husband, a visitor. Woodill returned home, leaving his handsome wife behind. A few days later, in his California home, he heard of the tragedy of the bungalow.

His heart has bled the most, and he has been the most deserving of sympathy of them all.

Woman One Ray  
In Solitary Abode.

Picture, if you can, this child of poetry, this woman of impulse, this creature of inherited venturesomeness,

## CHARACTER STUDY IN EASTMAN'S LIFE

Like a Creature of Fiction  
He Lived and  
Died.

HIS ENTIRE CAREER  
VEILED IN MYSTERY

Supposed Murderer and Suicide  
Had His Good Qualities,  
Say Friends.



ROBERT E. EASTMAN.  
This is the Only Photograph of Eastman  
in Existence Save That in  
Gallery of Rogues.

In Eastman's bungalow. What if the stories are true that he did call her there through promise of a "gay party." There two days she remained, and so as evidenced goes, there was no one else to share her companionship. Picture the scene late Saturday night when she arrived, the dreary day following, when Eastman left her alone in the bungalow to return Taylor's horse and buggy, self-borrowed, to St. Michaels. Think of her relief at his return late Sunday afternoon, her insistence that she "must go now," his pleading that he shouldn't return to the lonely life of a fugitive so soon.

Perhaps it was a case of mad infatuation for both. Perhaps, there was a secret in common. Those who know Eastman best say he wasn't the man to care thus desperately for a woman. Instead he wanted freedom, the right to come and go upon life's broad highway, unafraid, unmolested. Again, they say, he might have wanted both—Edith Woodill, the wife of another, and money. Money, especially, meant the high seas again, a period of safety far beyond the jurisdiction of the court. Perhaps Edith Woodill, granting that the two were old friends, and that seems the more plausible of the theories had been furnishing him with the funds with which he had heretofore been supplied.

She couldn't obtain more from her husband. Her allowance, honestly expended, couldn't amount to such fabulous sums. The parting of the ways had come.

They were seated at the dinner table, these two, let us suppose, as we in the

aftermath of the tragedy, have grown to know them.

"I've got to say good-by, Bobby," she said, using the pet name by which she had called him in her letters.

"Not yet," he replied, his even temper showing signs of breaking.

"Yes, Bobby, it must be. You see this kind of thing can't go on always. There must be an end sometime."

He fingered a table knife nervously. His large, frank blue eyes met her sparkling brown ones. So far there was no indication of the storm that was brewing. "Lame Bob's" old feeling of restlessness was returning, that was all. "Listen," he said, his voice growing tense with an emotion he seldom displayed. "You are here in my bungalow, see. You are compromised, rightly or wrongly, you are mine—for the time. I want you always. I want to take you with me. Furthermore, I want money, I mean to have—"

"But, Bob," she interposed, half frightened, "I've given you all I can. I can't get more. I have no right to ask it. I can't explain where it goes. I have no reason to ask for these sums. I'll give myself away, I'll—"

"Nonsense," jerked out Eastman. "You've got to get it, hear me. I've got to have it. I'm at the end of the rope. I've got to leave here. Didn't I just show you the letter saying that I'd been seen in a store that I thought, woman, that I'm going to let a few hundred stand between me and liberty. I'll not go to prison, no, by—I'll not."

Wants An Appeal  
To Her Rich Friends.

"What if your husband won't cough up. You have rich friends. Whose ward are you? Gage's aren't you, Gage's and he with his thousands. You'll get it from him, that's what you'll do. You'll bleed him for me, for me, you understand, for me, Lame Bob Eastman, who is being demanded to death. You will, won't you?"

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)



# MISS WASHINGTON SHOPS FOR VACATION



WHEN Miss Washington began making plans to go to the country for the summer, she found that she would need a great many new things, both for her summer cottage and for her own wear.

"There'll be no stores to amount to anything in the village," she considered, "and I shall not want to do much ordering by mail. Busy or not, I simply must have a whole day in the shoes before I go. I love a good shopping trip, and I shan't have another chance for months, perhaps. And I may as well start right out this morning. It promises to be a fine day."

With this resolution she put on her hat and set out. First of all, she knew that she would have to provide enough money for the shopping campaign, so she made her first stop at the Merchants and Mechanics' Savings Bank, where she wished to cash a check.

"This is certainly handy," was her exclamation, as she stepped from the street car on Pennsylvania avenue at Tenth street, and found herself at the door of the bank. "I should hate to have to start the day by making a long trip out of my way. Here the Merchants and Mechanics' Savings Bank is almost next door to the best downtown stores. It's an ideal banking place for busy women shoppers."

Within, she discovered that the handsome building was as convenient and attractive as the praise of some of her friends who had already been there had led her to expect. The main office was light and airy, with great windows on both the Pennsylvania avenue and Tenth street side, and had been fitted up with excellent judgment. The trimmings were of marble, and the tellers were stationed behind a handsome screen of bronze.

"And you have two branches besides," she remarked, as her business was being swiftly attended to.

"Yes," was the answer. "There are three buildings altogether. Each one is just as well equipped as this building, and make it very handy, indeed, for men and women whose business calls them to different parts of the town."

In response to further questioning, Miss Washington learned that not only did the Merchants and Mechanics' Savings Bank accept accounts subject to check, but that it provided a systematic, economical and convenient way of doing business connected with the household, as well as with commercial affairs, but that it conducted a special interest department for those who wished simply a savings account, in which 4 per cent interest was allowed even on so small a balance as \$5.

TO CARRY her belongings and many new purchases to the country, Miss Washington found a new trunk and bag absolutely necessary. She knew that she could save a great deal by patronizing Mr. Berman's Washington Subway Trunk Store, at 1312 F street northwest and 509 Seventh street northwest.

Fortunately for her, Mr. Berman is making a specialty this season of Japanese Matting Cases, selling them at the surprisingly low price of \$1.95. Unlike the coarse, common cases we ordinarily see, these Japanese ones are made with strong steel frames, and bound around the edges with a new kind of improved binding. They are equipped with straps for umbrellas, etc., and are just what you would pay \$2.00 for anywhere else.

Several trunks were shown her, ranging in size from 22 inches to 40 inches, with long linen-lined trays, handsome copper trimmings, and leather straps—all of them at the same remarkably low price of \$5.65. She quickly selected the one she thought would most comfortably hold her belongings, and then found she had spent so much less than she thought she would have to that she decided to get a new leather case as well. The one that struck her fancy was as handsome a bag as you have ever seen. She was so elated when she saw that it would cost \$4.95 that she could scarcely restrain her joy.

Mr. Berman's rent and expenses are so low, and he does business on such a large scale, that he can afford to sell things thus reasonably.

NOW came the supreme moment of the day—the thing Miss Washington has thought about for weeks and months. That visit to the automobile showrooms on L. D. Moore, Jr., at 829 Fourteenth street. Of course she had decided long ago that it was to be a Palmer-Singer. A car with such a reputation for speed and such a stylish and powerful appearance—that was the car for an up-to-date young woman like Miss Washington.

She espied the car of her choice the moment she entered the door. No need for the obliging salesman to point out its features—Miss Washington knew them almost as well as he.

"Don't bother showing it to me," she exclaimed, "I've just come to buy it, that's all. It's the car I want, and I'll own it, unless, of course," she added, "I couldn't quite afford it, then I would get one of your Reo cars or the Jackson. I have a friend who has just gotten a Reo and she is as enthusiastic about it as I am about that wonderful Palmer-Singer. Of course, she isn't as high powered in her car as I'll have in mine, but she says that what she wants is comfort and service, and she certainly has it in the Reo. I'm sure if I hadn't already set my heart on the Palmer-Singer I'd get a Reo. It's so reliable and so economical to maintain. I really don't know much about the Jackson car, but that certainly is a pretty model sitting over there. O, that is the car that has established such splendid records for endurance and speed! How extremely fortunate your people are to represent three such wonderful cars. Of course, I'm going to have my Palmer-Singer, but if I could only afford to I would have the three of them."

"WHY, how forgetful I am," exclaimed Miss Washington to herself; "here I have gotten nearly every thing a person could need and have forgotten to buy some new shoes. I'm going down to the Walkover Shop immediately."

The Walkover Shoe Shop, at 529 F Street, was very easy to find. Miss Washington lingered a few moments outside admiring the splendid display of shoes in the window.

"How artistically they arrange their shoes," she murmured, as she stepped inside. "I like to see a shoe store that is so careful in every detail. And besides I've always gotten such extreme satisfaction from Walkover Shoes. They're different than the ordinary kind."

"Like these—and these," she exclaimed, denoting first pair of tan pumps, and then some neat white cravettes. "That's the one fault I have to find with you Walkover people. You show me so many pretty shoes that I want them all."

The trying on process is different in the Walkover Shoe Shop than it is elsewhere. The clerks have a knack of sizing up your foot and fitting it inside. "Why, I would I had a shoe on," said Miss Washington, treading down daintily on a very dream of a shoe. "I certainly would like a pair—and, she said, smiling, "I guess I'll have to have that other pair, too."

Miss Washington's bill was a small one (Walkover Shoes only cost \$3.50, \$4.00, and \$5.00, you know), but she felt she had the best selection of shoes in the country.

ONE of Miss Washington's favorite pastimes is photography, and in the summertime she usually develops into quite a "camera fiend." Naturally, she wanted to make sure to have enough film to carry her through vacation, and as soon as she noticed the store of Joseph W. Krouse, at 77 Ninth street northwest, she entered, as she knew that the reputation of Mr. Krouse, with whom she had been dealing for years, would guarantee good service and good materials.

"It is going to be no end of fun snapping all my friends," she thought gleefully. "We are sure to do such unconventional things—and every one looks so foolish when 'caught.' I wouldn't be vacationing without a camera."

When the "fixings" for her own 3x4 1/2 camera had been purchased, she ordered film for her brother's 3x4 1/2 "post-card size" camera, and then looked around to see what more she might need. She was attracted by the little Brownie cameras, and bought one as a surprise for the children.

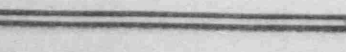
"But how am I going to go to develop or print all the pictures I take?" she asked in dismay. "I never in bother doing it myself."

"That will be all right," Mr. Krouse assured her. "We'll attend to that. You mail the negatives to us, and we'll send back the completed pictures to you in record time."

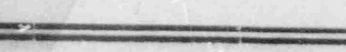
DURING the last few weeks Miss Washington had been visiting Dr. Wyeth's famous Dental Parlors, at 42-49 Seventh street northwest, in order to have her teeth put in perfect condition for the summer. The work was now very nearly completed, and she had made her final appointment of the series for an hour on this day, in which she was doing her vacation shopping. A few years before she might well have dreaded a trip to the dentist; but now she knew from experience that by Dr. Wyeth's Painless Method all the processes of filling, crowning, etc., were rendered absolutely painless, and through the skilled workmanship and courtesy of the staff of dentists her visits were made pleasant in every way.

Miss Washington had foolishly neglected having her own teeth examined for months, but she was assured that Dr. Wyeth's methods were so expert and painless that she need not fear going there. She had found the offices cool and attractive, with expert attendants in every department who did their work swiftly and efficiently. There was absolutely no pain at all. The prices, too, were wonderful, low, even though she had a lot of work to be done.

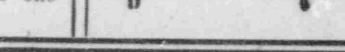
"I am mighty glad that my teeth are again as sound and healthy as ever," said Miss Washington, as she tripped lightly out of Dr. Wyeth's offices. "And to think that it didn't hurt me one little bit."



A TRUNK FOR VACATION  
FROM  
THE SUBWAY TRUNK STORE



A CAMERA FROM  
W. JOSEPH KROUSE



HUB  
FURNITURE  
CO.